

Vermont Daily Transcript.

ST. ALBANS, VT.:
TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1868.

The National Democratic Convention.

The New York Convention is now in full blast, and the proceedings are altogether of the lively kind. Our despatches yesterday gave an account of the temporary and permanent organizations, and those of today give us some further intelligence concerning the chances of the several candidates whose names are before the convention.

The New England Vice-Presidents of the Convention are: Isaac Reed, of Maine, George H. Pierce, of New Hampshire, Henry Keyes, of Vermont, Peter Harvey, of Massachusetts, Amasa Sprague of Rhode Island.

Waldo Brigham of Vermont was a member of the Committee on Credentials; John J. Deavitt a member of the Committee on Organizations, and Chas. N. Davenport, on Resolutions and Platform.

Monday's New York papers do not throw much light on the all-absorbing question, who will be the nominee of the Convention. The *Sun* says editorially: "Bold speculators declare that Pendleton is already killed. Cautious calculators regard Chase as off the course. Shrewd operators assert that some such man as Senator Hendricks can alone cut the knot which Pendleton and Chase will fail to untie." The *Tribune* says: "The betting is about even on Pendleton against the field. Pendleton's friends are numerous, active and enthusiastic; but his adversaries are shrewd, determined, and experienced politicians. The New York delegation is held close in hand, ready to be thrown in any direction that gives promise of beating Pendleton. If Pennsylvania can be manipulated successfully, Pendleton will probably be beaten."

The *Sun* of Monday under the head of "Hotel Gossip" has the following:

A stout gentleman at the Washington, and subsequently at the Metropolitan, of perhaps 55 years, who said his name was not of the slightest consequence in the matter, favored and hoped for the nomination of Chief Justice Chase, simply, he remarked, because he believed the mass of the people in all these sections of the country desired a change. They had given the Republican party a longer lease of power than had ever before been given to any party which had failed to bring our national affairs into a better condition than when it took their care in hand.

ST. NICHOLAS.

At the St. Nicholas Hotel, where the New York men are mainly gathered, there are also the Tennessee and Nevada men, and there is a remarkably free and easy surface feeling whenever the various candidates are named. On Saturday and Sunday night, and yesterday no name mentioned by strangers received violent opposition. It was readily acknowledged, when Mr. Chase's name received favorable mention, that he might prove best purely on the ground of availability; there was no fault found with Pendleton, excepting that his nomination might excite the fears of the bondholders and money interests generally, and divert from the party during the campaign a vast amount of means necessary to keep the Democratic sinews well braced throughout the entire campaign. So with most of the other candidates. When mentioned, they were not positively opposed; but always some objection was raised, which it was feared would be effective before the country on election day. In fact, with those in any position to give weight to what they might say, there was not a single candidate named who called forth any decided opinion for or against a nomination, and the only criterion by which those thought to be familiar with the feeling of delegations were inclined to judge of conclusions, was in itself peculiar. It was not in the naming of any man as decidedly preferable to all the others, but rather in the mild inquiry whether, in case it might be found difficult to concentrate a two-third vote upon any of the avowed candidates, it was probable that Horatio Seymour could be induced to yield his objection to a nomination, and thus give unanimity and sure promise of success to the party. But even this appearance of fear that in case of trouble Mr. Seymour could not be induced to accept a nomination was not understood as being unanimous among the delegates, for it was said that some of them were inclined to regret that the name of Gen. McClellan had not been more seriously thought of at the commencement, as after all, there was a very strong feeling in his favor among the people, who believed him to be a sound Democrat and a man who had been grievously wronged by the Radicals.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL.

The scene at the Fifth Avenue Hotel last evening was an exciting one, and almost defies description. At an early hour the halls and sitting rooms began to fill, and there were soon crowded with a deeply interested assembly, scattered in knots all about, or concentrated into dense masses all earnestly discussing the probable choice of a candidate by the Convention. The appearance of the crowd was characteristic. On various sides were to be seen shrewd, calculating men from New England, portly well-to-do planters from the South, and energetic go-ahead Western men. The majority were men of weight and reflection who listened with attention and weighed carefully the views presented to them. A few free-eaters, and one or two men of the half-horse, half-alligator kind, were to be seen of the latter stamp from Ohio, wearing an immense felt hat, with long black hair hanging down his back, being particularly noticeable. Several prominent politicians were also present, including John Morrissy, Senator Wall of N. J., Gen. Forest, of the C. S. A., Lew Wallace, Rouseau of the Union Arms. The Western men took the lead in the conversation and were most energetic in supporting Pendleton. In fact, the prevailing tone of nearly all the speakers was in the latter favor. The Chase men occasionally tried to put forward the claims of their favorite with but little success, however. Some of the Pennsylvania delegates mentioned Packer and Andrew Johnson, the latter being also supported by some delegates from Tennessee. These, however, made but a feeble show compared with the Pendleton men, who had it pretty much their own way, and almost silenced opposition. Here was to be seen a genuine Illinois ex-soldier, 6 feet 4 in his stockings, with his coat rolled up to the elbow, holding forth in an excited manner to a large audience in Pendleton's favor. He was just in the midst of an argument when a policeman tapped him on the shoulder and asked for "a little more draft." "All right—300,000 more if you wish. I'll go at once."

Policeman—"Don't talk too much; save your lungs for to-morrow."

"Oh, h—l," was the sententious reply, "my lungs can stand it as long as you can." In another place, a quiet looking man from Tennessee was trying to convince a small company that the tax on the bonds would reduce the currency to the condition of that of the Southern Confederacy, at the same time exhibiting a \$500 rebel shipplaster, but with small success apparently. The bond question was in fact the main subject of discussion. Negro suffrage was touched upon once, but strongly disapproved, and greenbacks thoroughly ventilated. A good deal of opposition was offered by individuals to the scheme, but the Pendleton men talked loudest, and, being most numerous, drowned opposition.

PENDLETON ESCORT.

The main body hangs out at Masonic Hall, while a corporal's guard do their drinking at Lovejoy's Hotel. Yesterday each hero went off on his own hook to "do" the city and suburbs, while many "hung round loose" in the vicinity of the hall all day. Not a few went to hear Henry Ward Beecher, with the fervent hope that the eminent divine would speak under the inspiration of the Democratic Convention and eulogize George H. Pendleton. Unaccountably, that important individual escaped the memory of Henry Ward Beecher, and the heroes of the body-guard had to endure the torture of having their demigod left severely alone. Some of the members, of a more boyish turn, played hide and seek around the stack of mattresses piled up in their bedroom, while some turned somersaults with the agility of a circus clown, and others danced financial hornpipes, George H. break-downs, and Pendleton reels. The few sensible leaders who expect to run for the Ohio Legislature on the muscular Christianity ticket, talked seriously enough over the waning fortunes of their chief. The fact that Kentucky was pledged to his support, and that Tennessee would vote for him after Andy Johnson, was not encouragement enough to dissipate the gloom that lay close to their hearts. Several stated they would go home to-day if Pendleton is not nominated. This was considered by many to be a confession of weakness either on their part or on the part of their pockets. A small supply of the ardent laid in on Saturday night was quickly consumed, but the consuming thirst of the body-guard was inflamed, not allayed. The Pendletonianism of many has oozed out; there is no more effervescence of buncombe admiration, and they long to be off for "old Kentucky shore far away." The tedium of last evening was whittled away by conversation and the singing of snatches of Pendleton ballads, of which precious productions the following are samples:

We are coming George H. Pendleton, three hundred thousand strong. To save you from the clutches of the Abolition through!

And we'll all feel gay In Eighteen Sixty-nine.

You have heard from Pennsylvania, and from California too, And Ohio has been speaking through her ballot-box to you;

Up, boys, up, and vote for Pendleton, And we'll save the country yet.

The sturdy men of iron, from the furnace and the mine, With the Hoosiers and the Buckeye boys are wheeling into line.

We are the "Escort" to New York, Hurrah! hurrah!

And for our Pendleton will work, Hurrah! hurrah!

The people all will stick to him, And they'll elect him with a vim.

They are marching to the music of the Union as of yore.

And Ohio follows after them, three hundred thousand more.

This morning, at 9 o'clock, the Escort will form a guard of honor to convey the Western men from the Fifth Avenue Hotel to Tammany Hall.

PASTORAL COLDNESS.—A lady, recently, in giving her views of the preaching of a minister to whom she had listened several times, said:—"I thought it was the business of the minister to feed the sheep. The man don't feed us; he only throws clubs and stones at us, and sends us bleating and hungry home." Many a one might gather a useful hint from this, as the proper mode of dealing with the flock of Christ. Harshness, severity, fault-finding, accomplish but little good in the family, the church and the world. True, it is the pastor's duty to admonish and reform sin, but always in the spirit of the Master. A scolding minister never yet succeeded in anything but scattering the flock, and weakening the hold upon the affections of his people.—There is a magazine of power in an affectionate spirit and kind words.—*Spurgeon*.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.—While Mr. Orr (formerly mayor) was on his way to Poultney from Pawlet by way of Lake Austin, on what is called the lake road, at 4 o'clock p. m., Tuesday, in a secluded spot, he met a man walking towards him in his shirt sleeves, and when up to him the man caught the horses by the bits, and before Mr. Orr had time to think what to do, a blanket was thrown over his head from behind by another person. He was then dragged into the bushes close by, and there robbed of \$2,200. Mr. Orr thinks he must have lain in the bushes about an hour when he woke up, as if from a natural sleep, and found his coat taken off and his papers scattered on the ground. No clue to the perpetrators. In another pocket he had \$100, which they did not find. Mr. Orr is collector for the town of Pawlet, and was on his way to make a deposit in the National Bank of Poultney.

Letter from Providence.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 6th 1868.

Does any one know when the making of the greatest possible noise, came to be considered expressive of the joy that the recurrence of a national holiday is supposed to give. And can any one predict the time when the production of as great a concussion of the air, at the geographical centre of the Union by a national noise machine, that it may be distinctly felt in all the States, will suffice for an expression of the country's self-gratulations at her own existence? Or will the separate State, County, and Town demonstrations be always indispensable?—Cannot a people who elect their ruler by delegates exhibit their love for their country in the same manner? And may we not look forward to a good time coming when we may put on our wings and fly to the Capitol, or stay at home and listen by electricity to the general rejoicing which will embody all the small squibs, and combine the innumerable orations and exhibitions now so scattered. But in the interim it may be of interest to you to know how we spent the fourth day of July of the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and sixty eight in this pleasant city of Providence.

For several days there had been premonitory symptoms of a general outbreak, and at 1 a. m. the explosion of powder commenced. A number of students went about serenading the different young ladies' schools; though as the school term had closed, it was in some cases a teacher, and in others a solitary servant, who were the especial recipients of the attention. It has been the custom of the students to station themselves upon the corners of the streets and make the early morning hideous by the blowing of tin horns; but as confinement for the day has been made a penalty of the offence, it was this year dispensed with. And many were the congratulations uttered by the citizens upon the quiet 4th they were enjoying. From 2 to 4 a. m. the firing was almost uninterrupted. Then for two hours drum bands paraded through the different streets, calling the people to rejoice upon this the ninety-second anniversary of their Independence. At six o'clock a national salute was fired, and every bell in the city rang out its loudest notes for half an hour. At nine, the Procession, which, probably, owing to the intense heat of the day, was not a large one, began its march. The Burnside Zouaves, in their easy, romantic uniform, many of them carrying bouquets upon the point of the bayonet, were an agreeable feature of it. And the Burnside National Guard—a company of colored soldiers—was an addition to a Fourth of July procession made by the war.

The Antiques and Horribles,—that curious American development of the Twelfth Night Mummies and Maskers of the olden time,—were the chief attraction. This portion of the procession more nearly approached the Roman Carnival, and the ancient Saturnalia than any other mode in which American honor has the privilege of publicly displaying itself. Most of the reigning monarchs of Europe, and many of the leading characters of both the old and new world were burlesqued.

The Goddess of Liberty was on a high car, surrounded by young ladies, personating the different States. Jeff Davis was represented in the garb in which he was captured. Mother Hubbard was mounted, and a valiant body of Fenians were commanded by their Head Centre. There was a monument in memory of Impeachment, and many local events were caricatured. A reward of \$20 had been offered to the one who should be adjudged the funniest, consequently they all tried to be as "funny as they could."

At noon there was another national salute, and at 3 p. m. a Temperance and a Sunday School Procession. At 4 o'clock "The Old Guard," the Continentals of '76 in their old world uniform, marched through the streets. At 5 there was a Regatta at which \$250 were given in prizes. At 6, there was a national salute by the men of '76, and all the bells again pealed forth joyously. In the evening there was a Promenade Concert, and although there was no public display of fireworks, there were a good many sent up by private individuals.

During the day the municipal authorities provided supplies of ice water upon all the principal streets, and in the neighboring city of Pawtucket there were several stations on the streets where lemonade was gratuitously provided by the kindness of several gentlemen. Walking up Westminster Street at 3 p. m. one, passed upon the sidewalk about a dozen temporary booths for the sale of refreshments, each of which was supplied with a large wash-tub full of lemonade; and returning past the same stands four hours later, each tub might be seen emptied of its contents. Unfortunately neither the lemonade nor the ice water sufficed to satisfy the thirst of all for a very large number of persons who appeared to have been "smiling" all day were upon the streets in the evening. It is a matter yet to be proved by the comparison of data, whether any editor or orator of the day, throughout the United States omitted to take advantage of the opportunity that the pro-

posed purchase of the Russian Possessions gave him to add a fresh sentence to the subject which they all had in hand, viz: National glorification upon the return of peace and prosperity, and the extension of the country from the wintry North to the sunny South, from Maine to California, from Alaska to the Gulf of Mexico. The authorities of Providence dispensed with an oratorical display, as they thought the weather too oppressive to "sit through" a long oration however eloquent; and it was left to the Pawtucket orator to discourse upon the theme of "the Republic striding majestically onward in its career of grandeur and power, and exciting to-day the admiration and envy of the civilized world." It would have quite refreshed the memory of Mr. Charles Dickens, had he remained in the country long enough to hear the 4th of July speeches. He was a character not neglected by the Antiques and Horribles.

VERMONTERS IN IOWA.—The Caledonian thus notes the visit of the sons of Peacham resident in Iowa, to the old homestead. At a social visit in Malcolm, Poweshiek county, Iowa, the 7th of June, at the residence of James Clark, twenty-three native-born citizens of Peacham were assembled. Seventeen of these were descendants of the six gigantic Blanchards, who were the first settlers of Peacham. These six brothers were the sons of Benjamin Blanchard of Hollis, N. H., and their descendants at this gathering the 17th of June did not indicate by their appearance that their stock was likely to run out at present, either physically or intellectually.

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